

The



Cheer

ST. JOE, WIN OR LOSE—ST. JOE ALWAYS

VOL. XVI.

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 5, 1924

No. 12

LOYOLA DEFEATED IN THRILLER

BOW BEFORE SAINTS 36-15

Saturday night, before a gallery filled to overflowing with a crowd of hectic, excitement-crazed rooters, the Purple and Red Varsity fighting every inch of the way and displaying the best form of the season swept through the Maroon and Gold of Loyola, outplaying the Chicagoans in every department of the game, our standard bearers emerged with a clean cut 36-15 victory. The Hoosiers were simply unstoppable; their passwork and defensive play was smooth and sound while their shooting was deadly. Loyola fought with their back to the wall in a vain attempt to end a four game losing streak, but that coordination so essential to every successful combination was lacking. The game was fast and furious, at times even rather rough but at that it was the type of game that warms the cockle of every real red-blooded fan's heart.

From the start it was evident that the Saints were the better team. The game started with a rush and before many minutes had elapsed the St. Joe sharp shooters started to bombard the net with such vigor that the score mounted rapidly in favor of the locals. The passwork of the Collegians was a feature of the evening and it was the main factor in the victory. Loyola failed to register a single field goal in the first period which ended 21-4. In the final half, however, the Maroon and Gold machine came back somewhat stronger and scored eleven points to fifteen chalked up by the locals. Simunich was the main cog in the Loyola machine and although somewhat off color Saturday night, still his shiftiness made him an admirable floorman. The much lauded Schlacks failed to score a single point.

To name any one St. Joe player as the star of Saturday evening's game

(Continued on page 6.)

ESSAY CONTEST CLOSSES TONIGHT

With the "Cheer" Essay Contest nearing its close, essays have been "pouring in" at the editors' desks. From all indications the students have come across, have made this a real live contest. At 6:00 p. m. tonight the Contest closes. Prize-winners will be announced and their essays published, in the next issue, which, incidentally, will be our big double-size basket-ball special.

We take extreme pleasure in announcing as judges for our contest three former professors, Fathers, who, we are certain, will render a correct decision:

Rev. Leo Sponar, C.P.P.S., M.A., Crestline, Ohio.

Rev. Joseph Kenkel, C.P.P.S., Ph.D., professor at St. Charles Seminary, Carthagen, Ohio.

Rev. Aloysius Brunswick, C.P.P.S., Ottawa, Ohio.

COLUMBIANS MEET FEB. 24

The meeting of the Columbian Literary Society, held on Sunday, Feb. 24, was unusually interesting. Desmond Moore, of Shelby, Ohio, was heartily welcomed and admitted to the list of the Society's membership.

Very fortunate, indeed, was the society on this occasion in having Mr. E. P. Honan, the veteran parliamentarian in the meeting. Mr. Honan is always the life of the society and his quizzes are of great interest.

In a few, well-chosen words, the new critic, Philip Rose, gave his opinions on the public program of Washington's Birthday and the private program of the previous meeting. Of particular interest in the regular program of the meeting was the debate, "Resolved: That St. Joe Should Have Private Rooms," in which Harry Estadt, the negative, won from Leo Higi. A reading, "God Bless You," by Alphonse Hoffman, was also of interest.

ALL STARS NOSE OUT

RENSSELAER SENIORS, 16-12

The impromptu all star team, recruited from the various Senior League teams barely managed to secure the edge of the argument on the local court in their game with the Senior Class team of Rensselaer High School 16-12. The periodically listless spots in the game were probably due to the fact that the local outfit had never played together before. The belated flashes of pep by the Rensselaer team fell short of overcoming the All Stars' midway lead. The playing of "Rusty" Scheidler, our deserving Senior cheer leader, at backguard, of Boone at forward, and of Reardon at running guard, merited much applause from the galleries.

PAUL FULTON BACK

The "Cheer" is glad to learn that Paul Fulton, who returned from Chicago, is in the best of health and that while there he ordered an artificial hand from a Minneapolis firm. We extend to him our best wishes and hopes that this will in a measure make up for his injury sustained last school year.

RALEIGH CLUB WINDS UP BIG RAFFLE

On the morning of Washington's Birthday, a day away from studies, full of excitement and pleasure, the Raleigh Club completed the largest raffle held in its history. With the aid of "big" Francis Murphy, the President, Philip Rose, assisted by James Trahe, Walter Lyons and Daniel Costello decided the winning persons.

Through the columns of the "Cheer" the Raleigh Club expresses its thanks for the kind co-operation given by the merchants, named below, also to

(Continued on page 5)

THE BOOK I LIKE BEST AND WHY

I have never been able to decide the name of my favorite book. There are too many good books to say that one is the best of them all. One work, however, that deserves study and close attention is Giovanni Papini's "Life of Christ." Though miserably translated, even mutilated into English, much of Papini's original zeal and fire has escaped suppression. Papini takes as his basis the simple scriptural texts and enlarges on them with a facility of imagination that is inimitable. These Biblical elaborations are in many cases the product of Papini's mind and have no historical foundation. Papini's soul expresses itself in phrases so trenchant and forceful that we need no other assurance of his careful study of Christ, the God-man.

"The Life of Christ" appeals to the infidel as well as to the devout Roman Catholic. Papini's endeavor was to write a book of this nature without the usual religious atmosphere, so odious to unbelievers and also to avoid the opposite extreme of considering Christ from the viewpoint of a pagan. He has succeeded in giving Catholics as well as protestants a new and better conception of the life and mission of the "Son of Man" who preached so wondrously of the love for God and neighbor in ancient Judea. "The Life of Christ" has filled and is filling a need of long standing for a medium of religious harmony between the protestant sects and the Church.

—Isidore J. Paulus, '24.

Recently I read a book entitled "The Treasure of The Abbey," which was written by a French Catholic writer, Raoul De Navery. This book was of unusual interest to me for various reasons.

It has not the frivolous plot of the modern-day book that appeals to the reader of sensational fiction. The plot is interesting and realistic, vividly portraying the life and hardships of the inmates of the monasteries and convents. These noble men and women had to endure many afflictions, according to the whims of the persecutors.

The author beautifully depicts the bravery and perseverance of the nuns who died most horrible deaths, rather than violate their vows of chastity made to God.

The story has a strong tendency to increase our ardor for the Catholic religion; for when we read of the trials and tribulations our forefathers had to undergo, we cannot help but be moved, enlightened and elevated to higher ideals.

While this story is interwoven with the plot pertaining to the Catholic monk and sister, still do not conceive the idea that it is a story similar to

the type we are accustomed to reading, regarding the lives of our saints. For this story has all the interest of a good modern novel, with the advantage of its plot, based on Catholicity.

—Raymond Dirrig, '24.

"The Valley of the Giants," by Peter B. Kyne is the most appealing story I have ever read. In it we find stirring romance, extraordinary adventure, unexpected thrills and in fact everything necessary to make a story interesting as well as entertaining. The setting though perhaps not unique is just a little different and the characters seem to win our sympathy at the very start. Bryce Cardigan, Miss Sumner, John Cardigan, and Mrs. Pennington have all, by the time the story ends, won a secure place in our hearts. Somehow after finishing the book we love to sit and muse over this touching story. The Californian Redwoods, those timber giants of our western coast, are the inanimate heroes and we consciously or unconsciously feel a thrill of joy when their beauty is admired, but a pang of regret when some unthinking person maliciously ruins one of these masterpieces of nature.

—Francis E. Buckley, '24.

Following The Pennant Chasers

(By S. J. SEE)

Since the last issue of the "Cheer" only two games have been played in the Senior loop. In one of these the Fourths walloped the Seconds, and in the other the latter nosed out the Seniors in an exciting 18-17 finish. Only a few games more and this circuit will close an interesting and successful season.

* * * *

The Fourths, with the classy passwork they showed in the game against the Seconds, are everything but certain of coming through without running into opposition, strong enough, to mar their perfect record.

* * * *

The Academic standing remains the same, the Towers holding the altitude record.

* * * *

In the Midget League the Aces, minus the services of their mainstay, "Fat" Hummel, bowed in defeat to the Lucky Strikes and as a result now share the top berth with the K. I.'s. When these two meet again we'll know that there was a real game.

* * * *

With six defeats and no victories, the "Sparkies" are still in the league, resolved to show the boys how to win even though they lose.

* * * *

In the peppery Junior League, the Dodgers continue pivoting past all rivals. The only serious contenders they fear now, are the English Ovals.

JUST HIRAM

Dear Popper:

Now dont go on an git insulted caus i called u popper insted of paw, this kind of popper aint got nothin 2 do with the kind of poppers the pop corn peddlar uses it is just a hi faluting way fo saying paw. Wal pop, i jist got out of the hosspittle whitch us colledgers call theinfirmary but this aint nuthin like the county infirmary 2 home my temper was 100 an2 ana half the other nite and bleive me i wuz sum hot, but now i am o. k.

We wuz up to Chicago agin the other day and as i have sed so many times before Chi is sum town. They call it the Windy City and i am rite here 2 say that they are rite. Why they woodnt need no elextrisity 2 run then elevated tranes all day wood have 2 to is 2 put sales on the top of them and run them by the wind. We went 2 Marshall fields which aint no field atall but grate big store, and lissen pop im attellin u that is sum store an i aint no wonder they call it fields caus if she were laid out flat she wood kiver i total county back home. We went in 2 a caffatearya and got a club sanwhitch but if that sanwhitch looked like a club my name aint Hiram. A show called the follies wuz at a theateher an the prise wuz three 30 per seat an up, i ges that is where the folly part cums in, three 30 per. We cum back at midnite but the enginear must have been sore at sum 1 in the sleeper caus he shore did put the breaks on sudden like.

The wethur is gitting more like spring all the time and how glad i am. 1 thing 4 sure sum of these fresch air hounds will be satisfied an the rest of us gies will not have 2 freeze. sum of these gies are forever opinin the windows, now i dont mind fresch air in its place, but its place is outside. These here fresch air hounds seem to think they are the only beaches that have pebbles on em anyhow.

I spose the old maple sap is arunnin 2 home, i shore wisht i wuz there 2 help, but i aint so that that. This here place is sumpthin like a sugar camp now caus they is a lot of saps and the saps are arunnin around loose 2. i hope that them 2 twin catts are agettin along all rite. tell maw that outside of being bout 5 sises 2 big the pajamas are o. k. but i spose she thinks that i am agrowin. mom allus wuz good at gettin things big enuff but she is gonna be dissapinted if she expects me 2 fill out them pajamas by June. Wal goodby and good luck and rite soon,

I am

yours till

the ole farm is a power plant patch,
HIRAM.

A poet got married in Boston. So he may as well begin writing odes to canned beans.

ALUMNI COLUMN

The "Cheer" wishes to acknowledge the receipt of the following publications on our exchange list:

Notre Dame News, Notre Dame College, Cleveland, Ohio.
 Varsity News, University of Detroit, Detroit, Mich.
 Hour Glass, St. Mary's College, St. Mary's, Kansas.
 The Star, St. Joseph Collegiate Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.
 Mother Seton Journal, Mt. St. Joseph College, Mt. St. Joseph, Ohio.
 Look-a-Head, St. Paul's High School, Norwalk, Ohio.
 The Delescope, De La Salle Collegiate, Toronto, Canada.
 De Paulia, De Paul University, Chicago, Ill.
 The Marywood College Bay Leaf, Scranton, Pa.
 St. Vincent College Journal, St. Vincent College, Beatty, Pa.
 The Argus, Illinois Wesleyan University, Bloomington, Ill.
 The Antonian, St. Anthony Seminary, Santa Barbara, California.
 The Blue and Gold, Marist College, Atlanta, Ga.
 The Pacific Star, St. Benedict College, St. Benedict, Ore.
 The Echo, Central Catholic High, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

SPARKS FROM OTHER ANVILS

The "Delescope" of the De La Salle Collegiate Institute, Toronto, Canada, has of late been added to our exchange list. "School Notes" greatly enhance this publication. We also appreciate "Giggles."

Freshie: Hey, what do they make airplanes out of?

Sophomore: Don't know but I suppose fly paper.—Look-a-Head.

A new suggestion for increasing the bank roll. Have it photographed and enlarge at will.—Hour Glass.

Colleges are known by their graduates? Maybe, in the old days, but now it is by their football teams.—Hour Glass.

My good fellow, how do you happen to be lying in the gutter?

'Sall ri', brother, I jus' shaw two lamp posts and leaned against the wrong one.—Witt.

Freshman: Say Mr. where is the basement?

Senior: Third floor to your left!—Hour Glass.

Foolish Question 5794

Boarding-house Lady: Do you want a room?

Stude: No I want to disguise myself as a banana and sleep in the fruit dish.—Punch Bowl.

Modernist: There ain't no hell!

Fundamentalist: The hell there ain't!—Hour Glass.

Pat and Mike were one day out fishing. Pat said: "Mike, I'll bet ye a shilling I'll catch the most fish." "Ye're on," said Mike. Each took a position at the end of the pier, some distance apart. Pat who was standing up, accidentally fell in, at which point Mike yelled, "Begorra! if yer going to dive for them, the bet's off."—The Delescope.

O'Brien: Can you tell me how to

imitate a jackass?

Ans.: Just act natural.—Pacific Star.

What was the cause of Socrates' death?

Ans.: The bartender got sore at him and mixed some hemlock with his whisky.—Pacific Star.

What is Julius Caesar noted for?

Ans.: For a telegram sent to Rome after he visited Egypt and saw Cleopatra. It was worded something like this: "I came, I saw, and I fell.—Pacific Star.

Cornell University has a new regulation providing that any student that has represented any other college or university in any sport cannot represent Cornell in that same sport.

A PLEASANT RECOLLECTION

Six years ago today
 The earth white-covered lay;
 The wind that always blew
 Piled up the snow anew.
 The sombre clouds above
 Made me the snow-plow shove;
 The wind did ever blow,
 Bright fires were aglow.
 Into a shack I've run
 The blizzard then to shun;
 The fear of winter fled,
 What joy within the shed!
 For in a little bin
 I found a flask of gin.

—Ralph Mueller.

HOME

There is not in the wide world a place
 half so sweet
 As the home in whose bosom our best
 pals we meet;
 Oh, the last rays of feeling and life must
 depart
 Ere the mem'ry of that home shall have
 passed from my heart.

—Arthur Mussong.

Prof. (giving examination): "Does any question embarrass you?"

Neff: "Not at all, Father; not at all. The questions are all quite clear. It is the answers that bother me."

We are pleased to announce that an Alumnus is so keenly interested in his Alma Mater that he has forwarded a treatise on the subject assigned for our Essay Contest. His identity is unknown,—but "an Old Boy" is quite well chosen. Read the opinion of this "old boy" relative to scholarships:

"Shall St. Joe offer scholarships to promising athletes?"

Education is developing and perfecting the possibilities of anything for its God given destination. We educate a plant by using all the means and power we have to bring this plant as near perfection as possible. Certain kinds of ground, certain kind of fertilizer, an excellent germ, or seed, a special manner of cultivation, the proper kind of weather, the right latitude on our globe, etc. Then when the judges come to decide the merits of this particular product, they do not award the prize to the largest, the longest, the straightest, the smoothest, the most beautiful, the best lasting; but they consider all those qualities and award the prize to the product that has them all combined in the most perfect manner. Agricultural schools and fancy stock breeders all over the world give their time and energy to educate livestock by careful breeding, and feeding, and housing; then when they have a show, arrange for the international exhibition, the judges give the scholarship to the animal which they consider the most educated in all good points.

A young man comes to your college. The seed is sown, part of the growth is there,—unlike the agriculturalist or stock raiser—you must take the product as partly developed, and perfect its education. There are many things center into your part of this education. Man is a rational animal—body and soul faculties of both, etc.; you understand this. To educate him means to perfect this entire being in the best manner possible. A certain per cent of your part of his education is due to the food he eats, the housing conditions; his environments and companions, the example and direction of his superiors, the ability of his teachers, the kind of text-books, athletics, etc.

Now, when you present this student at the international show ground of the world, he will be considered as a man, not as an athlete, not as an encyclopedia, not as a saint, but as a combination of all of these, and according as this combination is perfect, so will the prize be awarded.

Get judges, consider the entire student in all his relations; and then if you have prizes to give away, you have a deserving subject.

AN OLD BOY.

The College Cheer

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EDITORIALS

GOLDEN HOURS—LENT

Today, Ash-Wednesday, the Church enters upon the holy season of Lent. It is a period of especial value to the faithful, a period freighted with inestimable spiritual treasures to those who correspond to the wishes and invitations of Holy Mother Church. A time apportioned to a proper preparation for the great feast of the Resurrection, it is truly a distinguished cycle of the ecclesiastical year.

Holy Mother Church exhorts the faithful to prepare themselves as well as possible during Lent for the grand day on which we commemorate the Resurrection. She encourages us to perform acts of mortification, acts of self-denial, during the forty days which represent the forty days' fast of Our Lord prior to the Crucifixion.

Though practically all students are exempt from the law of fasting, abstinence is a rule we must obey. Surely no student can rest content, however, with mere conformity to the rules of the Church. Every person deserving of the name Catholic will perform acts of mortification and self-denial during Lent in order to share in the boundless merits able to be gained. Sacrifice some enjoyment, abstain from certain delicacies, so that when Easter-tide arrives, terminating the season of Lent, you may rightly participate in the unbounded joys of the Church and of her faithful.

THE BIGGEST JOKE OF ALL

The world at large has long long ago recognized the existence of an innumerable band of pessimists, crabs, and "knockers." To these non-essential citizens the world has surrendered its actions for disparagement, its principles for excoriation, its decisions for censure. And this dismal plight of affairs is quite natural; there will always exist persons so "perfect" in themselves that insignificant blemishes in another's character will assume the prodigious proportions of appalling crime. Deploing the mote in their neighbor's eye, they overlook the beam in their own.

The unmerciful ridicule of the college crab may never touch certain students. Student organizations, however, regardless of functions, and pertly termed "trusts," invariably become the target of flippant ridicule and petulant censure. And under this category the "Cheer" falls "heir" to countless attacks. The news columns are rarely assailed—their items can seldom be denied; again, the editorial pages escape reprehension—their articles are rarely read. But the joke columns—may the gods defend the editors!!

According to the chronic crab, every joke, regardless of newness, already has several growths of mold and smacks of senility. "Who resurrected this ancient joke?" remarks the knocker; "I heard that when I was a kid." Undoubtedly he did, for some never do outgrow their "kid days." And if popular opinion forestalls the "old age crepe," he will invariably "fail to see the joke." Quite obviously, too, for unless the joke has been previously explained to him, and is, therefore, "ancient," the knocker will fail to penetrate the mythical wall of prejudice with a mind steeped as his in misconception of humor, and will, consequently, fail to see the joke.

Originality of jokes is asked by our pessimist. Theoretically very commendable indeed, practically, well nigh impossible. We trust our actions do not suggest, much less warrant, the name of "walking-joke-book." And here opportunity permits repetition of that "ancient" plea: "Throw away your hammer and get a horn." The knocker asks for originality of jokes; they reprove, but do nothing to better matters. We confess our inability to satisfy this demand, and therefore call upon the crabs to submit original jokes. To prevent ambiguity, however, and probable embarrassment, we caution these individuals to refrain from signing their names.

To whomsoever our treatise applies we are prompted to suggest concentrated self-study, for assuredly nothing will prove more conducive towards a true conception of a JOKE.

THE VOICE OF THE STUDENTS

Comments, commendable and otherwise, relative to the "Cheer" and also to various college activities, are frequently overheard. We have frequently stressed the point that it is our desire to make the "Cheer" a typical students' paper. It is your paper, and therefore we are affording you the opportunity to publish your own sentiments regarding local events and the "Cheer" by introducing a column headed "The Voice of the Students." Here is the chance; submit any comments, signed or unsigned. While reserving the right to bar any opinions, we grant unusual freedom of expression,

guaranteeing publication. Have you a suggestion which in your estimation will better the "Cheer?" Let's have it!! Are we on?

MAKING A CHOICE OF ENGINEERING

For final consideration in our series of writings relative to engineering we have the important question confronting the prospective student, that of making a choice. This choice of a branch is a momentous issue in a prospective engineer's life. It should be approached with all caution, and with due regard for the nature of the life he would lead after graduating from college. If he have a penchant for outdoor life he should select mining or civil engineering. If he prefers to remain more or less indoors mechanical or electrical engineering should be his choice.

The student should analyze his particular feelings in the matter and decide accordingly. Actually, there is more of mystery and fascination in the electrical field than in any of the other three branches, and to prospective students this may not be without its especial appeal. To others, the work of mining may possess its strong attraction, since this work takes its followers into strange places and among strange people frequently, when oftentimes the mining engineer must live cheek by elbow with the roughest of adventures. To yet a third group civil engineering, with its work of blazing trails through an unknown country, and wild outdoor existence through forests and over mountains and across valleys may have its strong attraction. While to a fourth degree of prospective students the quiet career, as represented in that of mechanical engineering, always a thoughtful, studious life, may hold out its inviting side.

To the young man who has no particular preference, mechanical engineering is strongly advised. It is the one branch offering the largest and quickest returns, and as a branch it fairly dominates all the others. No other branch so overlaps the others as does mechanical engineering.

The proper selection will depend upon the young man's predilections and tastes. If he selects wisely, following out his predilections and tastes with a degree of accuracy, he cannot go wrong. He cannot go far wrong for the reason that he can always swing over into anyone of the other branches whenever he sees fit to do so. It would be well for the young man, of course, to select in the beginning that branch which most appeals to him, and to stick to it as glue. Success is certain to be his. For in no other walk of life are the rewards so sure and so ample and so immediately responsive as in the engineering profession.

RALEIGH CLUB WINDS UP BIG
RAFFLE

(Continued from page 1)

Father Koenn and Brother David, as it was this encouragement together with the zeal of the chance venders that made the raffle a success. A total of one hundred and fifty-two dollars was cleared.

Brush Wool Sweater (Hilliard and Hamill)—Emmett Jeffers.

Jersey (A. A. Store)—Richard Kobetits.

Gillette Razor (Fendig's Drug Store)—John Mancz.

Wool Jersey (Wonder Store)—Clement Koors.

Pair Romeos (B. N. Fendig Shoe Store)—Cor. McCabe.

Ten Passes (Palace Theatre)—Leo Schramer.

S. J. Pipe (Wright Bros.)—Jos. Schuckert.

Dress Shirt (G. E. Murray Co.)—Cor. Hubbuch.

\$2.50 in Trade (College Photo Co.)—Jos. Gooley.

Box Candy (Long and Son)—Carl Bender.

Box Cigars (Quality Grocery)—Cletus Dunn.

Box Cigars (Makeever Hotel)—Father Linneman.

Eversharp Pencil (P. W. Clarke)—John Donnelan.

2.50 in Trade (College Candy Co.)—Geo. Smith.

Two Pairs Silk Hose (Wm. Traub)—Leo Schramer.

Photograph (Beasley Studio)—Law-

rence McGuire.

Pair Silk Hose (Daniel Costillo)—Louis Pahls.

Bottle Hair Tonic (Brother David)—Richard Meiers.

Humidore Tuxedo (College Inn)—E. Stephan.

Polishing Set (Columbia Shoe Store)—Richard Moody.

Six Pies (Richard Moody)—Leo Higi.

4THS DEFEAT RENSSELAER, 22-14

Sunday, February 24, the Fourth Latins defeated the Rensselaer Juniors 22-14 and consequently added new laurels to their record. The Fourths were not up to their usual form or undoubtedly the score would have been much higher. The game was very rough and exciting throughout. Buhl starred for the Fourths with six fielders to his credit. For Rensselaer Tilton performed most consistently. The local team was weakened greatly by the absence of Tommy Neff, their star forward, who is out of the game with a broken wrist.

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THE COLLEGE INN

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LOYOLA DEFEATED IN THRILLER

Continued from page 1)

would be unjust as well as grossly untrue, every man played the game with all the energy at his command. Seldom has any St. Joe crowd witnessed a better exhibition of grit than Captain Weier gave Saturday evening when he played the entire game with a broken finger and a knee that was far from being in good condition. With these handicaps Weier played a wonderful floor game and was up and at them all the way. His running mate "Vince" Jordan was at his best and besides showing some real floorwork he had five baskets to attest to the accuracy of his eye. Hoffman at center played his best game of the season, collecting seven baskets besides displaying a fine aggressive spirit. Lauer, at running guard, displayed uncanny ability in relieving the opposing forwards of the ball and although he was ejected from the fray in the second half with four personals still he is deserving of a goodly measure of the praise. This occasion saw Jim Hipkind return to the game after a long absence and the husky backguard stopped them cold, the Loyola forwards finding more than plenty of opposition when they came within reach of this boy. Besides helping with his playing Hipkind's presence awakened a spirit of confidence in his team mates that had a lot to do with the victory.

This game was in all respects a direct antithesis of the one played at Loyola several weeks ago that ended so disastrously for the locals. It showed that when five men get together and decide to cooperate the result must inevitably spell victory. Every man deserves credit. There were no stars and as a result there was team work. The victory was hailed with

great joy by the student body and all indications are that the basketball season will end, the most successful in many a year at St. Joe.

Loyola				
	B	F	P	T
McGraw, rf.	1	1	1	0
Siminick, lf.	2	4	2	0
Deegan, c.	0	1	0	0
Kamin, rg.	0	1	3	0
Schalhs, rg., c.	0	0	2	0
Kenoby, rg.	0	0	0	0
Dooley, lg.	1	0	1	0
	4	7	9	0

St. Joseph's				
	B	F	P	T
Jordan, rf.	5	1	2	0
Weier, rf.	2	1	2	0
Hoffman, c.	7	1	1	0
Hipskind, rg.	0	1	1	0
Lauer, lg.	1	2	4	0
Klen, lg.	0	0	0	0
	15	6	10	0

Referee: Clevette (Purdue.)

OUR VARSITY

St. Joe now has a great quintet,
A team of fire and speed;
Though small they hit the wished-for goal,
Hurrah, we're in the lead!

They meet all comers, big and strong,
And lose once in a while;
E'en champions cannot win them all—
But when we lose we smile.
—John Klen.

A cake-eater is a fellow who is too lazy to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow.

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WOULDN'T IT SEEM FUNNY—

If "Shavings" were among the missing some morning?

If Hubbuck could slip into Pohlman's bathing suit?

If George Smith would show up without a smile?

If Dapson would cop first prize at a beauty contest?

If we failed to enjoy a privilege some day?

If nobody ever heard that joke ages ago?

If Schuckert swore off hailing for a month?

If we were permitted to sleep till ten bells sometime?

If mail day didn't mean FE-male day to Lucke and to Roach?

If Powers would K. O. Hoffman?

If Buhl paid his debts?

If Meiers reported to Chapel on time?

If the spud peeler should suddenly break?

RIB TICKLERS

Mr. Hubbuck: "So you're son's at college. How's he making it?"

Mr. Uhrane: "He isn't. I'm making it, and he's spending it."

Medland: "Are there any feet in Collegeville larger than yours?"

Meiers: "Only one pair. Sirovy has to pull his trousers off over his head."

Friend (at home): "Of course you went through algebra in Indiana."

Phillips: "Yes, but I passed through it at night, and so don't know much about the place."

Brenner absent-mindedly surveyed himself in the hair-brush instead of the mirror. "Gracious, but I need a shave," he mused.

After all, a man is but a worm of the dust; he comes along, wiggles about awhile, and finally some chickens get him.

"Can you tell me, Johnny," asked the fair young teacher, "where shingles were first used?"

"Yes'm," answered modest John, "but I'd rather not."

Overheard at the Mueller home some years ago:

Ralph: "Mamma, I's got a stomach ache."

"That's because your stomach is empty; you've been without your lunch. You'd feel better if you had something in it."

That afternoon the pastor called, and in conversation complained of a severe head-ache.

"That's because it's empty," said little Ralph. "You'd feel better if you had something in it."

Mac: "Ever had any operatic experience?"

Beth: "Yes, I played the nut in Ben Bolt."—Pitt Panther.

Buckley: "What would you say to a tramp in the woods?"

Tiny: "Nothing."—Gargoyle.

"Is there any opening here for an industrious young man?" asked a young Collegian.

"Yes, just behind you."

"Marcotte," said a bright Frosh in the candy store, after waiting ten minutes for a bar of candy, "have you ever been to a Zoo?"

"No."

"Well, you ought to go. Gee, you would have lots of fun watching the turtles whiz past."

Curiosity may have killed the cat, but it also made life interesting for many cats.

Henry at last admits there is one Ford that won't run.—Swiped.

Jazz music has rendered great service to the deaf. Deafness isn't the curse it once was.

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FINNYBONE SCRATCHES

Heard In Wash Room

"Do you use Williams' shaving cream?"

"Naw. He keeps his locker locked."

* * * *

Louie Brenner wants to be enlightened—he imagines time tables have legs. John Brenner likewise thinks Sandy Hook is some kind of a pitched ball.

* * * *

Did "Tidiboo" Boone ever impress you as resembling Jack Dempsey? He and Jack are looking for the same thing. Jack is seeking a bout, while Danny is also looking for a bout—\$10.

* * * *

Arnoldi—"I'm a little stiff from 'bowling'."

Bolderick—"Say, I live near there."

* * * *

The reason new bathing suits are called "almost creations" is because creations are made out of nothing.

* * * *

Say, did you ever hear the story about the dirty window? No. Well here goes—no, I won't tell it—you couldn't see through it anyway.

* * * *

Guess at this one. If all students of

boarding schools were placed end to end they would reach.

* * * *

Prof.: "Joseph, what is the plural of mouse?"

Reardon: "Mice."

Prof.: "Correct. Now the plural of spouse."

Reardon: "Spice."

* * * *

They say Lauer simply electrified his audience the other night, but some say he merely gassed it.

* * * *

Clete Hip—"Did your watch stop?"

Jim Hip—"Yep. When it hit the floor."

* * * *

Try and get this one: Mac DeShone took a pair of soiled trousers uptown to the tailor to be cleaned. The tailor failed to clean them. Mac asked him if he tried gasoline. He said yes. Then Mac asked him if he tried ammonia and he said, "Sure and they fit fine." Yep, Mac's wearing them, though.

* * * *

Picard: "Why so winded?"

Sieben: "I've been running. There was a fight over at the club and I'm running to stop it."

Picard: "Who was fighting?"

Sieben: "Me and another guy."

Jeff says: That's old about Santy Claus. We agree—just about 1924 years old, eh, Jeff.

* * * *

"LITTLE BOY BLUES"

(With Due Apologies)

The little brown bottle is covered with dust,

And its cork is all mouldered away;
The little tin pail is red with rust;
Its use is forgotten today.

Time was when the little tin pail was full,

And the bottle was sealed with care;
And that was the time when the Volstead boy

Emptied and put them there.

—By Sunkist.

Who Remembers Way Back When—

We had the privilege of sleeping until six-thirty on Monday mornings?

The Apple Pickers were in Flower,
—The knighthood of the archard?

—The knighthood of the orchard?

Voskuhl had the dorm?

History Prof.: Ted, can you tell me what made the tower of Pisa lean?

Liebert: I'm not sure, but I think the Russian famine.

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